

Hughes, J. L.
...

NEW SONGS *of*
GLADNESS

■ ■

To

Dr. & Mrs. Manlow

WITH ALL GOOD WISHES

James L. Hughes

■ ■

CHRISTMAS
NINETEEN-SIXTEEN

LP

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L. Rance

STORE LIFE'S BEST.

**STORE up the beauty
Of day begun;
Gather the growth shine
Of noonday sun;
Garner sky's glory,
When day is done;
Then count your record
Of Triumphs won.**

AFTER LONG YEARS.

I GAVE her fresh violets long ago,
As blue as the sky above,
And to them I tied with a ribbon bow
A boy's simple note of love.
"These violets bring you my heart," it said;
She read it and blushed till her cheeks grew red.

But I went away, and long years flew past
Before I returned, and then
The call of my home-land grew strong at last
To see my old friends again.
The church door was open. I went inside,
And learned that my violet girl had died.

I found in her Bible the dry, pressed flowers,
There, too, was the note signed "Jim";
And as I remembered youth's love-lit hours,
My eye with a mist grew dim.
I knew that the love she had never told,
Had lived through the years, and had not grown
cold.

THEIR LOVERS.

THEY sat by the sea on a still June night,
And dreamed of the past in the soft moonlight;
Two women of seventy years or more
Sat dreaming of life on Virginia's shore.

Though strangers, the spell of the mystic hour
Soon mellowed their hearts by its magic power;
The gates of their lives opened wide, and then
Their joys and their sorrows came forth again.

One told of her lover who went away
With Lee to the war on her wedding day;
And how she hoped on through the tragic years,
Till bravely he died, and left only tears.

The other smiled shyly, and coyly said,
"I think that my lover, like yours, is dead;
The lover I dreamed of but never knew,
He must have been killed in the great war, too."

VIOLETS.

BEAUTIFUL Violets!
In boyhood's days
You were but spots of blue
In woodland ways.

As the rich years go past,
In you I see
Beauty unseen before
Revealed to me.

Test of my growing soul,
I come to you,
Hoping each year to find
A beauty new.

Grateful am I to you,
For now I know,
New vision ever comes
To those who grow.

THE BOY'S STORY.

"The boy's story is the best that was ever told."—*Mrs. Lirriper; Dickens.*

WONDERFUL story is yours, dear boy,
The best that was ever told;
Story of peace and of endless joy,
And life that does not grow old;

Story of loved ones who never die,
And justice that never ends;
Story of men with a purpose high;
Story of faithful friends;

Story of lands where all days are bright,
Where no one is ever poor;
Story of men who for truth and right
Stand fast with devotion pure.

Life may not be what in youth it seems,
Dreams may not all come true;
But 'twill be sweeter because your dreams
Will still be a part of you.

Beautiful visions of boyhood days
Deep down in your heart live on,
Clearing your sky so that Hope's bright rays
May shine as in youth they shone.

"IT IS GOOD TO BE A CHILD AGAIN."

—Dickens.

To be a child again is good,
To walk with father in the wood,
And hear him tell in simple words
Of trees, and ferns, and flowers, and birds;
Or hear my mother's voice, as she
Told fairy tales, or sang to me,
Or see her face with love a-light
Beside my little bed at night.

'Tis good to be a child again,
And ramble in my shady glen,
Or paddle in my crystal stream,
Or sit upon its bank and dream,
Or watch the squirrels leaping free
From branch to branch, from tree to tree,
Or listen to the thrush's tune,
Or bobolink's love song in June.

'Tis good again a child to be,
A waking, kindling child, to see
New beauty ev'ry passing hour
In changing cloud or growing flower;
New glory on the earth and sky;
New wonders ever asking "Why?"
New outlook with a clearer view;
New plans to make, new work to do.

THE SWEETEST BIRTHDAY.

LET us take a ride on the long swamp road;
It is forty years to-night
Since we drove there first from the old brown
church
In the moon's enchanting light.

The tall cedars held out their loving arms
In a dress of fleecy snow,
And the hemlocks grand from the hill looked
down
On the wondrous world below.

Our young hearts were tuned to the universe,
And the earth grew strangely new,
As my whole life glowed with the thought
sublime,
That the universe was you.

And I knew then first what the preacher meant
By the soul's rich overflow;
When the strong, clear light of youth's sacred fire
In my heart began to glow.

And I stopped the horse 'neath the cedar's arms,
Till a few great words we said;
And the rhythmic glory of love beat time
With the wind-song overhead.

I can see the stars as they twinkled through
The old trees above us then;
And I hear the hemlocks in anthems sweet
Rejoice, as they sang "Amen."

So I long to go to the old swamp road
For another ride to-night;
For the sweetest birthday of human power
Is when love first shines its light.

FIND YOUR OWN ALTAR

**EACH man an altar has,
Where he may see
Clearly the light divine
To make him free;**

**May hear the joyous song
That stirs hope new;
May feel the glow of faith
To make him true;**

**May find some sacred spot
Supremely blest,
Where a revealing power
Kindles his best.**

**Some lives are filled with peace
In temples high;
Some on the open road,
Under the sky.**

Some souls may grow serene
Beside the sea;
Some lives enkindle 'neath
The spreading tree.

Some find their altar shrine
High on the hill;
Some in the shady glen,
Where all is still.

TO THE TRENT.

LEAPING, rushing, gliding river,
Smiling, singing, do you know
Why you set my heart a-quiver?
Why you give me thrilling glow?
Why since first your charms enthralled me,
Life has known a rapture new?
Why your magic ever called me
Through the years to come to you?

I can see your wavelets gleaming,
As the sunshine lit each crest,
While I sit here fondly dreaming
Of the hour supremely blest,
When I learned life's sweetest story
On that happy day in June,
When my heart with rhythmic glory
First beat time to love's sweet tune.

Briar roses, lilies yellow,
On your banks in beauty grew;
Thrushes sang their music mellow
O'er your waters clear and blue,

When I saw life's grandest vision
In my darling's love-lit eye,
And a wondrous light elysian
Shone on river, earth and sky.

Do you wonder, smiling river,
That I came with heart a-glow,
Grateful to the loving Giver
For the light of long ago?
Light whose glory leaves me never,
On the land or on the sea,
Whose revealing power ever
Makes life beautiful to me.

THE OLD VETERAN.

**Did you see his old eyes glisten,
When the soldiers marched away,
As he proudly stood to listen
To the band that artumn day?**

**Did you hear him tell the story
Of the day so long ago,
When for England, home and glory,
He marched off to meet the foe?**

**Sixty years ago my mother
Came to see her son depart,
And beside her stood another
Who had won my happy heart.**

**And "The Girl I Left Behind Me,"
That the band played loud and clear,
Meant my Kate. My tears near blind me;
For to-day she is not here.**

In old Devon she is sleeping,
Close beside the rock-bound sea;
You must just excuse my weeping,
For so much comes back to me.

As I hear again the rattle
Of the drumbeat call her sons,
Yes! and grandsons to the battle,
To defeat the savage Huns.

When the war is o'er, I'll greet them
Proudly if they are alive.
Hopefully, I'll wait to meet them;
God protect my valiant five!

They have gone for England's glory,
Gallant five, across the sea.
And I know they'll carve a story
That will bring no shame to me.

So, although my eyes are shedding
Teardrops, they are grateful tears;
In my heart there is no dreading,
It is beating hopes, not fears.

A HAPPY MAN.

**I WENT to the home of my boyhood
After long years away.
'Twas June, and the sun resplendent
Lighted earth's best that day.**

**I climbed o'er the fence by the roadside
Calling a message gay,
A greeting of joy to the farmer
Turning the scented hay.**

**We tenderly spoke of our school days,
Told their great stories o'er,
Recalling the lives of the dear ones
Gone to return no more.**

**And proudly related the progress
Made by the friends we knew;
Recounting their work for their fellows,
Helping to make men true.**

In parting I earnestly pleaded
That he would come to me
Some time, in the wonderful city,
Man's mighty works to see.

"Oh, no!" he replied, "I shall never
Leave the old farm again;
I love Nature's beauty and glory
More than the works of men.

"The trees tell me stories more hopeful
Far, than the city knows;
The birds sing for me, and the flowers
Depths of God's love disclose."

THE "BAD BOY."

CREATED in God's image
Was he. You must be mad
To think his nature evil,
And dare to call him "bad."

You see his "badness" only;
If you were not so blind
You should have found the goodness
Of his young heart and mind.

You dare to brand him "wicked,"
You say he is not true,
You judge him by a standard
Of life he never knew.

'Tis true that he has wandered
Through gateways open wide; —
What have you done to close them,
Or cleaner life provide?

The joy of human kinship
His heart has never known;
No flowers of faithful friendship
In his dark soul have grown.

You teach your boy to shun him
Because he is so "bad";
Your boy has power to win him,
And make his sad heart glad.

He never had the vision
Of Nature's kindling power;
He never was God's partner
In growing one sweet flower.

He never heard the music
Of hemlocks on the hill;
The sky of dawn or sunset
Ne'er gave him vital thrill.

Oh, yes! You taught him morals
He never understood,
Preached much about his badness,
But little of his good.

You think he must be punished
Because he did the wrong;
That will not wake his goodness,
Nor help him to be strong.

Be honest, human, Christian;
Dare not to call him "bad";
He needs love's tender spirit,
To make him truly glad.

FREEDOM TO GROW.

Two springs were neighbors underground,
They both agreed to rise
To see the wonders of the earth,
And glories of the skies.

One wakened in a rocky glen,
And flowed through shady bowers,
Until it reached the meadows, where
It met the smiling flowers.

It freely rushed in merry glee
Between the woodland hills,
And sang triumphant songs, because
It turned a hundred mills.

The other no free outlet found,
And so a marsh it made,
Destroying life it might have helped
In meadow and in glade.

When special power in each child's life
Flows freely in its might,
It blesses him, and helps mankind
To see diviner light.

But, when adulthood blights its power
By checking its outflow,
It turns to evil, and becomes
A marsh of gloom and woe.

FISHING WITH ANDREW.

'Twas good to fish with him, because
He was a man. He knew the laws
Of being decent. When he fished
It seemed as if the fishes wished
That he might catch them. When he took
The struggling captives from his hook
He did not hurt them, same as I,
Nor hang them on his string to die.
He pinched them just behind the head,
And in a moment they were dead.
He always made it very plain
That he should cause no needless pain.

He was the cleanest man I knew
To chum with, for his life was true.
I've sat with him beside the stream
And listened 'till I seemed to dream,
And wondered how it was that he
Could know so much. Each bird and tree
Was friend of his; each flower and fern
Taught lessons which he longed to learn;
Great lessons full of wisdom new
That made all trueness seem more true.

Now I have always understood
That Nature in her loving mood
Could teach me lessons, sacred, grand;
So I could never understand
How self-respecting, honest men
Can meet in field or forest glen,
And talk of what is low and mean,
Where glory shines on ev'ry scene;
Where life around them is serene,
And beautiful, and pure and clean.

Some hear sweet voices in the wood
Proclaiming ever, "God is good";
Some find the wood a secret place,
Where they set free their nature base.
In shady nook or quiet dell
With ribald smirk unchaste they tell
Of scandal foul, or gossip's tale
Of men and women weak and frail,
While birds are singing in the bowers
Their sweet hosannas to the flowers.

He never lightly spoke of wrong,
But told of what is true and strong;
He never soiled another's mind
By idle thought of tainted kind;
He never with a leering smile
Told tale that would a soul defile.

Oh, no! 'Twas always good to hear
Him make the voice of Nature clear,
Or tell the best that he had known
In other lives to help his own.

When he had nothing good to tell
He silent was. He never fell
Below his high ideal, so
I liked to chum with him and grow.
I knew that what he did not say
Of evil in a single day,
Would help me not to go astray
And make it easier to pray.
Since he is dead I clearly see
What his life's message meant to me.

REVISITING

THE house was yonder, the old mill there,
The arbor here by the singing stream,
Wild vines around it, and flowers fair;
I see them yet, as I sit and dream.

'Twas here I sat as the sun sank low,
That eve with Jean, when the sacred joy
Of love first came in the afterglow
To wake the heart of a happy boy.

Oh! fair-haired Jean, with your kind blue eye!
Your soft, low voice as it whispered "Yes,"
Brought message new from the earth and sky,
That evermore will have power to bless.

Long years have passed since that epoch hour;
The house is gone and the old red mill;
But love shines on with enriching power
To stir my life with its first sweet thrill.

SOLEMN AUNT MARTHA.

EARTH was to her a "vale of tears,"
And man was "weak and vile";
She was a "worm" with doubts and fears,
Who rarely dared to smile.

She thought she was a Christian, though
Her heart was full of gloom,
For life was but a "path of woe
That led her to the tomb."

To guide all happy children right,
And fit them for life's woes,
Their joyousness she tried to blight,
And sinfulness disclose.

Her little niece, just six years old,
Lay sobbing on her bed,
And to her mother sadly told
What solemn Auntie said,

About the wicked hearts of men,
And how God's wrathful might
Would burn the world, and sinners then
Would weep in endless night.

"Her Bible's not like mother's. Lo!
Her Bible makes me sad,"
Said Chester, four years old. "But, oh!
Don't mother's make you glad?"

WONDERING.

WONDERING how the sun rose
To make the day;
Wondering where at sunset
He went away.

Wondering why the Winter
Brought ice and snow;
Wondering how the Springtime
Made all things grow.

Wondering why the Summer
Had long, hot days;
Wondering at the Autumn
With golden haze.

Wondering where the maples
Got colors gay;
Wondering why the wind blew
The leaves away.

Wondering at the lightning
On rolling cloud;
Wondering at the crashing
Of thunder loud.

Wondering why the stars were
So clear and bright;
Wondering why the moon changed
Her form at night.

Wondering why the hills were
So grandly high;
Wondering why the clouds sailed
Across the sky.

Wondering at the beauty
Of tree and flower;
Wondering at the marvels
Of Nature's power.

Wondering at the honor
God gave to man;
Wondering till my wonder
Revealed God's plan.

THE CEDAR SPRAY.

I WALKED in the woods on the heights by the sea
One day in October. The lady with me
Was winsome and charming, discreet and serene,
With bearing majestic and look of a queen.

The beautiful tints on the trees filled her soul,
She spoke with delight of the sea's graceful roll;
I knew that I loved her, and longed to declare
My love, but I could not; my heart would not
dare.

I gave her a spray from a young cedar tree,
And I told her I hoped that it ever would be
A symbol of friendship between her and me.
She graciously thanked me—and looked at the
sea.

She seemed to belong to a sphere far above;
I felt it was useless to hope for her love;
But I knew that to love her would bless me,
though she
From love and its magic would ever be free.

We sat on a rock till the afterglow came,
And turned the blue sea to a glorified flame;
Then homeward we walked, till she said in dis-
may:

"I've lost it! I've lost it, my beautiful spray."

Her words and her manner, her face and her tone
Revealed that her heart beat in tune with my
own.

We found it. She kissed it. Her gladness I
shared;

I knew her sweet secret, and joyfully dared.

THANKSGIVING MORNING.

ENRaptured by the beauty
Of earth and sky,
We walked along the cliff-crest,
My friend and I.

We watched the winding river
Flow slowly past,
While overhead the gray clouds
Were grandly massed.

The forest on the hillside,
A mile away,
Rose brilliant in the glory
Of co'ors gay.

Over our shady pathway
The border trees
Waved loving arms to greet us,
Stirred by the breeze.

The golden-rod and asters
Beside the wood,
Smiled brightly up and whispered,
"The Lord is good."

Thanksgiving's sacred love song
Came clear and loud,
From hillside tree and river,
From flower and cloud.

Our hearts responded gladly
To Nature's power,
And life will aye be sweeter
For that rich hour.

THE TRULY UNSELFISH MOTHER'S ANSWER.*

God gave my son in trust to me.
Christ died for him, and he should be
A man for Christ. He is his own,
And God's and man's; not mine alone.
He was not mine to "give." He gave
Himself that he might help to save
All that a Christian should revere,
All that enlightened men hold dear.

"To feed the guns!" Oh, torpid soul!
Awake and see life as a whole.
When freedom, honor, justice, right,
Were threatened by the despot's might,
With heart aflame and soul alight,
He bravely went for God to fight
Against base savages whose pride
The laws of God and man defied;

1952-1940
* Edwin Markham wrote a poem for a meeting of "The International Conference of Women Workers," in which these lines occur:

"O mothers, will you longer give your sons
To feed the awful hunger of the guns?
What is the worth of all these battle drums
If from the field the loved one never comes?
What all these loud hosannas to the brave
If all your share is some forgotten grave?"

Who slew the mother and her child;
Who maidens pure and sweet defiled.
He did not go "to feed the guns,"
He went to save from ruthless Huns
His home and country, and to be
A guardian of democracy.

"What if he does not come?" You say:
Ah, well! My sky would be more gray,
But through the clouds the sun would shine,
And vital memories be mine.
God's test of manhood is, I know,
Not "will he come?" but *did he go?*
My son well knew that he might die,
And yet he went with purpose high
To fight for peace, and overthrow
The plans of Christ's relentless foe.
He dreaded not the battlefield;
He went to make fierce vandals yield.
If he comes not again to me
I shall be sad; but not that he
Went like a man—a hero true—
His part unselfishly to do.
My heart will feel exultant pride
That for humanity he died.

"Forgotten grave!" This selfish plea
Awakes no deep response in me;

For though his grave I may not see,
My boy will ne'er forgotten be.
My real son can never die;
'Tis but his body that may lie
In foreign land, and I shall keep
Remembrance fond forever deep
Within my heart of my true son,
Because of triumphs that he won.
It matters not where anyone
May lie and sleep, when work is done.

It matters not where some men live.
If my dear son his life must give
Hosannas I will sing for him,
E'en though my eyes with tears be dim.
And when the war is over, when
His gallant comrades come again,
I'll cheer them as they're marching by,
Rejoice that they did not die.
And his vacant place I see,
My heart will bound with joy that he
Was mine so long—my fair young son—
And cheer for him whose work is done.

WHY DO YOU SING?

BOBOLINK, why do you sing so well,
Flying so high?

I have a story of love to tell
To earth and sky;
Life is so beautiful now in Spring,
What can I do but be glad and sing?

Beauty of flowers and blooming trees,
Sunshine so bright,
Perfume of clover on balmy breeze,
Make my heart light.
Joy bells of glory and gladness ring
Deep in my heart, so I have to sing.

Tenderly watching my loving mate
Down on her nest;
Cheering her while she must sit and wait
Till we are blest;
Soaring above her on hopeful wing,
What can I do but be glad and sing?

LISTEN TO THE MUSIC.

FROM day's refulgent light,
From singing stars at night,
From the blue sky above,
Floats Nature's song of love.

From brightly flashing cloud,
From peal of thunder loud,
From mountain and from main,
Booms Nature's grand refrain.

From sacred hemlock shrine,
From the tall wind-tuned pine,
From the deep temple-glen
Comes Nature's sweet Amen.

SPIRIT VISION.

**ALONE on the deck at midnight,
Far on the summer sea;
Out of the witching moonlight
Floated a dream to me.**

**More than a dream—a vision
Showing what life might be,
Shone with a glow elysian,
There on the summer sea.**

**Vision of glory splendid,
Vision of vital power,
Vision that never ended,
Came in that epoch hour.**

**Heaven is close beside us,
When from earth's chains we're free;
Vision is ours to guide us,
When our soul eyes can see.**

JUNE.

WAVING fields of growing corn,
Sweet white blossoms on the thorn,
Briar roses on the hill,
Violets below the mill,
Meadow-sweet beside the stream,
Dark-eyed coneflowers' yellow gleam,
Fern fronds filling all the glen,
Matchless blue on sky again,
Forests rich in stately trees,
Clover perfume on the breeze,
Bird songs floating in the air,
Beauty, glory ev'rywhere;—
Earth and sky in joy combine,
And their best is truly mine,
If I keep my heart in tune
With the universe in June.

JOYOUS AWAKENING.

FROM the clear sky the sun
Calls to the flowers;—
Wake up and bloom, each one;
April's warm showers
Watered your roots, and May
Waits your return to-day.

Fondly the balmy breeze
Whispers to you,
And your old friends, the trees,
In dresses new,
Long for your faces bright
To fill their hearts with light.

White thorn, and sweet wild plum
Are waking too,
Hoping that you will come
Your part to do;—
Song sparrows loudly sing:
"Unfold your blooms, 'tis Spring."

Answered the wild flowers then:
"Gladly we bring
Beauty—our best—again;
Let joy-bells ring
In human hearts to-day
To welcome smiling May."

MOUNT CAVELL.

One of the most beautiful of the Rocky Mountains, on the Canadian Northern Railway, formerly Mount Geikie, is called Mount Cavell, in honor of Miss Edith Cavell.

THE mountains rise in majesty ;
Their crystal crowns are grandly high ;
The clouds in grateful ecstasy
Above them on the vaulted sky
In glory bid the day "good-bye."

And yonder towers Mount Cavell,
Serenely smiling at the sun ;
Proud of the story it shall tell,
Of faithful service bravely done,
Of life ennobled, triumph won.

Throughout the years it shall endure,
Firm as her faith in truth and right ;
The snow upon its crest as pure
As was her life. See on its height
The last red glow of sunset light.

NATURE'S RESPONSE TO LOVE.

**COME to the woods with me,
May time is here,
Flower and blooming tree
Bring Heaven near.**

**Here in this quiet nook
Under the beech,
Out of her wondrous book
Let Nature teach.**

**Open your heart and feel
Her heart's love-glow,
Deep in your heart reveal
Power to grow,**

**Power to find the best
That life can give;
To see, to do, to rest,
And truly live.**

EARLY FRIENDSHIP.

SWEET memories glow yet, Dick,
Of days when we were boys;
We never can forget, Dick,
Youth's power enkindling joys.
The sorrows of those days are gone,
But all the joys of youth glow on.

The love we had for truth, Dick,
Bound us with links of gold,
And made the buds of youth, Dick,
In sweeter flowers unfold.
My life will ever be more true
Because of friendship shared with you.

So as the years go by, Dick,
In life's enchanted bowers,
We'll scatter, you and I, Dick,
Seeds of the brightest flowers,
To cheer us as we climb life's height,
And make our pathway ever bright;

That those behind may see, Dick,
Our blooming flowers ahead,
And by their perfume be, Dick,
Through cloud and darkness led,
Until they reach the glowing crest,
And find the home of joyous rest.

SACRED GROUND.

**STAND with uncovered head
Under this hemlock tree,
Lightly beneath it tread,
Sacred it is to me.**

**Here first my eyes were filled
With Hope's exultant tears,
When I, with rapture thrilled,
Saw through the waiting years**

**Dimly what I might be,
Dimly what I might do,
Helping to make men free,
Helping to make them true.**

**Here one October day
Her heart shone into mine,
Clearing the mists away,
Letting her love-light shine.**

**Never was light before
So radiant as then,
Never till time is o'er
Will such light shine again.**

FRIENDSHIP.

TRUE friendship blooms with fairer flower,
And sweeter perfume through the years
To strengthen hope, when dark clouds lower,
And give me joy to dry my tears.

True friendship never fails to stand
Beside me, when life's thunders roar,
To take me kindly by the hand,
And calm me till the storm is o'er.

True friendship in the sunny hours,
When skies are bright is ever near,
To guide me and reveal new powers
To make the upward path more clear.

THE GREAT REVELATION.

**Of infinite creative power
Each man has vision of his own;
I see its growth in tree or flower,
You see it in a star or stone.**

**Each star and stone, each flower and tree.
Reveals a new Divinity,
And guides responsive souls to see
The glories of infinity.**

MYSTERY AND GLORY.

**THERE is mystery and glory
In young life's untimely end,
But we'll understand the story,
And our tears and smiles will blend.**

**For the mystery will leave us,
As the sadness disappears;
And its pain will cease to grieve us
In the sorrow-healing years.**

**Then the glory and the beauty
Of the life that once was ours,
Will guide us to higher duty
And to more triumphant powers.**

LOVING SERVICE.

**"A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich,
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong."**

—Mrs. Browning.

**"A POOR man served by thee shall make thee rich,
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee
strong."**

**These are not mysteries nor baseless dreams,
They are the music of life's grandest song.**

**They are the fountains of man's spirit power,
They are the essence of the Master's plan,
They are the dawn lights of the glory in
The temple of the brotherhood of man.**

**The source of growth in richness and in strength
Is loving service for our fellowmen;
For service rendered evermore returns
In higher vision and in power again.**

LIFE'S RIVER.

**LET your life be like the river,
Flowing onward to the sea,
Ever wider, ever deeper,
Ever stronger and more free.**

**Guide life's river past the rapids,
And the rocks of early youth;
Keep its sources pure and open,
Let it water roots of truth.**

**Then 'twill be a mighty river,
Bearing treasures on its breast,
Turning wheels of loving service
Till it reaches ocean's rest.**

RESPONSIBILITY.

WHY teach responsibility
For *bad* alone? Each man should be
Responsible for *good* that he
Can do to make the world more free
From evil, and reveal his light
To make some shadowed spot more bright.

Work not because the night is near,
But work to make new light more clear.
Each victory that man has won,
Revealed new duty to be done,
And help him upward towards the height
To wider view, and clearer light.

CHILDHOOD'S IMAGINATION.

I HAVE gazed in the cliff caves of Cheddar,
Till beauty there
With its magical blending of colors
Beyond compare,
Held my soul in a rapturous vision
Of glory there,
Where God's sculpture and painting of ages
His art declare.

I have seen earth's most wonderful gardens
Beneath the sea,
Where blue fish through the lofty kelp palm trees
Swam swift and free,
And the opal-green shells on the sea floor
Shone up to me,
Till I thought a sea heaven the grandest
I'd ever see.

I have heard the most soul-stirring music
Of wind in pine,
Of a bird with his heart in the gloaming
In tune with mine;
Of rich organ tones truly revealing
God's great design
Of an orchestral harmony bringing
Near the Divine.

But my dreams in awakening childhood
Revealed to me
Richer beauty than manhood has power
To feel or see,
Rarer marvels than Nature's enchantments
Beneath the sea;
And a music more rhythmic and sacred
Than man's can be.

THE HIGHEST CALL TO DUTY.

"THE call to men their souls to save,
Is loudest spoken from the grave."
Thus spake the preacher. Is it true
That men their noblest work will do
Through dread of death? 'Twas never so.
Souls kindle best at love's bright glow.

If from your grave you wish to give
A call to help mankind to live
More truly, let life's message be,
I lived to make all men more free
From prejudice and error blind,
That blight the soul and dwarf the mind.

The clearest call man ever heard,
The call by which his soul is stirred
To duty, comes when he is shown
His highest power—his alone—
And that to use it for the right
Is surest pathway to the light.

LIFE AND DEATH.

**SOME count their lives by days and years;
True life is what we do
To dry the founts of human tears,
And lead to higher view.**

**Death is but life at rest awhile
After the day is o'er,
Awaiting with a tranquil smile
The morn to work some more.**

MY HEART IS IN IRELAND IN MAY.

(Tune: Brahms' Cradle Song.)

WHEN the thorn blooms in May
My heart flies away
Old Ireland to thee
Far over the sea,
And I dream that again
In my home in the glen
The sweet songs I can hear
Of my mother so dear.

And beneath the white tree
My Nora I see
That day long ago
Her love thrilled me so
That birdsongs were new,
And skies were more blue,
And life's great joy was born
Neath the arms of the thorn.

Dear old Ireland to me
You ever will be
The fairest and best.
This land of the West
Is a land wide and free
From the sea to the sea,
But a witch-bond in me
Binds me ever to thee.

LAUGH (A Song).

THE earth is beautiful and glad;
Help it to bloom,
When business is very bad,
Help it to boom.
The worst disease men ever had
Is gloom, gloom, gloom.

CHORUS:

Then laugh, laugh, laugh,
Laugh loudest when times are bad;
Remember good times you've had;
Look up, look ahead, be glad;
And laugh, laugh, laugh.

Your laugh does not remain with you,
It ripples on;
Its music stirs your neighbors, too,
And brings the dawn
Of hope, and joy, and brighter view,
When you are gone.

[Chorus.]

So let your merry laugh resound
By day and night,
To make pure happiness abound
And sad hearts light;
Scatter your laughter seed around
To make lives bright.

[Chorus.]

TRUE FAITH.

**SOME men imagine faith to be
A substitute for work,
And think God does whate'er they ask
In faith, though they may shirk.
Faith should not make men indolent,
But rouse them to attain
Their vision of their work to-day
That they more power may gain.**

**True faith inspires us to achieve,
True faith defeat defies,
For if upon life's field we fall,
True faith will make us rise. .
Quit ye like men, your duty find,
And do it with your might;
Then faith will grow, and duty be
Revealed in clearer light.**

**"LET NOT BITTERNESS SETTLE DOWN
UPON ME."**

—Muriel Strode.

FATHER! whatever may befall,
Keep my hope bright;
Though dark clouds may surround my path,
Let me see light.

Though men may prove unjust or false,
Help me to be
Serene, that no revengeful thought
Enfeeble me.

Wrong cannot rob my life of joy,
Or faith, or power,
Unless by bitterness within
I blight love's flower.

WHY?

WHY is your power so strong?
To save the weak from wrong;
To aid them with your might
Gently to climb life's height.

Why is your faith so strong?
That you may teach hope's song
To men whose hearts are sad,
And help to make them glad.

Your power and faith are strong
Do they to you belong?
In trust they came to you;—
Use them to make men true.

POWER MEANS DUTY.

FAITH in God's power should teach
Duty—not trust alone,
God gives some power to each
And each should use his own.

God has not promised me
That He my work will do;
He promised power to see
My work, if I am true.

He promised to renew
My strength each day, if I
Achieve my present view,
And on His power rely.

If, as God's partner here,
I serve my fellowman
With faith in Him sincere,
He will reveal His plan.

Faith will grow weak, if we
Leave all God's work to Him;
All life will poorer be,
New vision be more dim.

JOY AND GRIEF.

**YOUTH's joy, self-stored in hopeful human hearts,
Forms a bright sun to cheer declining years;
Youth's grief a moment is a fleecy cloud,
That o'er the sky floats past and disappears.**

**Our joys are dynamos of mighty power,
Lighting the future with a rosy glow;
Our griefs are shadows on a summer day,
That sweep across the grain and onward go.**

TOWARDS THE DIVINE.

**How may mankind grow upward
Towards the Divine?
By doing each his duty;—
You yours,—I mine.**

**How may each know his duty
For the Divine?
By finding each his self-hood;—
You yours,—I mine.**

**Each has a special image
Of the Divine;
Each should reveal his image;—
You yours,—I mine.**

**And so mankind grows ever
Towards the Divine,
If each does his own duty;—
You yours,—I mine.**

**Each helps to light the pathway
Towards the Divine,
If each keeps his light shining;—
You yours,—I mine.**